#### IN RED MAN LAND.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO THE SIOUX RESERVA-TION

It was about noon of Monday, October 4, 1886, that we drove into Rushville, Neb. Rushville, it will be remembered, is the place from which most of the telegrams concerning the present Indian trouble are dated. It is a little over twenty miles from the Pine Ridge Agency, on the great Sioux Reservation in South Dakota. It was then a place of 400 or 500 inhabitants, and I fancy that it has not since more than doubled in population. it, indeed, it has done so well as that that we happened in Rushville at all was that two of us were taking a long overland Western trip out through Nebraska and up through the Black Hills and across the Indian country, in a covered wagon drawn by two mules and reinforced by a pony with a big Mexican saddle, a yellow dog (very yellow as regards color, disposition and intelligence), two repeating rifles, a double barrelled shotgun, a our revolver, an oil stove, a box of provisions, a half-dezen blankets, a banjo and a few other miscellaneous things.

Rushville at this time was a queer combination of Eastern and Western ovilization. The town was about a year old, having been built when the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad went through. The surrounding country had been partly settled with a few tarmers longer, and the stockmen had been scattered throughout the region for a number of years. The land is comparatively level, the country between Gordon and Chadron being known as the Antelope Flats. Most of the town was on one street, which ran at right angles to the railroad track and the law office of Judge Trott, late of the Des Moines bar; the liquor store of Jim Sandoz, late of a Denver bar: the banking house of Largham Brothers, Lite of Chicago; the Niobrara Gold Mine (gambling establishment) of Breckenridge Petter, late of S. Louis, and the First Baptist Church, with the Key, Mr. Cartright, late of Brooklyn, as pastor, stood in pleasing and cheerful proximity. The blacksmith who shod our off mule and got kicked over his anvil twice, and whose shop stood next door to Mrs. Julia Grannett's millinery store, informed me, in speaking of the gambling house, which stood between the bank and the lawyers office, that you could lose your money in one as readily as in the others: indeed, he would prefer to take his chances in the gambling house, having more confidence in the squareness of the game. It seemed that the able Judge Trott had been expelled from the Des Moines bar, and that the sagacious Langham Brothers lent money at the rate of 4 per cent a month; so perhaps the blacksmith was

There was, as I said, an interesting combination of East and West in Rushville. The business men were nearly all from the East-from "the States," at least, which expression was used in its territorial sense, notwithstanding that Nebraska had been a State for years-but the stockmen and many of the farmers were Western men of the most pronounced type. Every man from outside the town-and they made up probably three-quarters of those on the streets-wore big jingling Mexican spurs. Indeed, it is part of the religion of every man connected with a Western stock ranch to never remove his spurs on any occasion whatever, with the possible exception of when going to bed-and there are occasions in the life of the gay and exuberant cowboy when the formality is humorously omitted even at the time of retiring, and the hotel landlord is confronted in the morning with a hopeless tangle of spurs, cowboy and bedelothing. Besides their spurs the men also wore the big felt, or buckskin, hats, with the wide leather bands which are also peculiar to stockmen, and many of them leather or goatskin chaparejos, or leggings. The business men wore the ordinary attire observed it any American city; but it was considered among them that some concession should be made to their newly-made Western friends and patrons in the matter of dress, so they hit upon the happy plan of wearing the wide, heavy leather bands on their ordinary stiff or soft Eastern hats. To see a promising young physician start out on his professional rounds, wearing a derby hat of the latest New-York shape, with a thick, embossed leather band two inches wide and fastened with a big silver buckle around it is a sight only ocrasionally afforded to mortals. I did not see any one wearing a silk hat with leather band, though it was gravely stated that Judge Trott wore such an astonishing combination Sundays. So far as we could learn, the Rev. Mr. Cartright, late of Brooklyn, was the only man in town wh still held out against this custom. Indeed, it was not strictly a local idea, as we found the same thing obtained at other towns, especially a

Chadron and Hay Springs. Besides the business houses there were of course, a number of residences scattered about on the prairie near at hand, though, like other Western towns, a much smaller number in pro-portion than will be found in an Eastern village, owing to the fact that so many of the business men are unmarried. There was a business-like air about the place, though it was hard to tell exactly what kind of business was going on. Judging from appearances, only any one would have said that the leading industry was the buying and shipping of buffalo bones. Across the raroad track there were great heaps of buffalo, deer, elk and antelope bones, which had been gathered in the surrounding country and brought to town and sold to dealers, who shipped them to tertilizer factories to be ground up. A half dozen freight cars were being loaded with them. Among the piles were being loaded with them. Among the piles were many magnificent elk antiers and fine specimens of great, broad buffalo skulls, some of them still retaining their black horns. The Antelope Flats were formerly favorite feeding grounds of the buffalo before they were exterminated by such butchers as Buffalo Bill and other alleged hunters. Bill, by the way, is not much thought of in this and other parts of the West where he is known, not from the not-to-be-proad-of part he played in helping to kill off the noblest animal on the American Continent, but because he is generally considered what they are pleased to call a "paper-collar scout," more et home on Staten Island than on the frontier, and more formidable on the bill-boards than on the prairie of among the foot-hills and gulches. When it comes to Bill's, the West unbiestatingly Aniss Wild Bill, who was assussinated at Deadwood in 1876, above Buffalo Bill.

Near the bone piles, and evidently thankful that it was not in them, was a pet antelope, a young one, and as beautiful as any gazelle ever dreamed of by poet. Indeed, it gave a poetical touch to the whole town, and toned down the incongruity of the hatbands. It was in a yard gathered in the surrounding country and brough

dreamed of by poet. Indeed, it gave a poetical touch to the whole town, and toned down the incongruity of the hatbands. It was in a yard in front of a real-estate office, and was as tame as possible. The town dogs seemed to pay no attention to it, reserving their scowling looks and unfriendly glances for the many Sioux Indians who "loafed" about the streets. These Indians were from Pine Ridge, and are the truants who are now out in the Bad Lands defying that sanguinary institution known as the United States Government. Most of them were genuine wild Indians, slightly tamed by the use of cigarwild Indians, slightly tamed by the use mouths of full-fledged cut-throats. However, they were perfectly harmless at that time, and no one could watch their indolent motions without being impressed with the idea that so long as they were honestly treated and well fed that they would remain harmless, their very loziness under the soothing influence of a full stomach preventing their breaking out. They lounged about all over town, and lent picturesqueness to the scene. They went a step further than the business men in their costume, and combined elements of the savage, the cowboy, the United States soldier and the man of fashion. Some of them had succeeded in giving up everything of the savage except the buckskin moceasins, with elk-hide soles and bright porcupine quill work on the insteps and toes. The Sioux do not seem to, the to bead work like many other tribes of insteps and toes. The Sioux do not seem to, rise to bead work like many other tribes of Indians. However dirty or torn an Indian's clothes might be, or uncombed his hair, or unwashed his face and hands, there was invariably one thing about his makeup in the cleanest and best possible condition—namely, his Winchester fifteen-shot forty-five-calibre riffe. Why he needed a rifle at all signs they was now to be in the latter. condition—namely, his Winchester fifteen-shot forty-five-calibre rifle. Why he needed a rifle at all, since there was no game to kill, I do not know, but he is certainly finding it very handy from his own point of view, now that he has "gone out." They were all very well provided, too, with hardy little ponies, another thing which they find convenient since they rebelled against the great white father. But what struck the observer the most forcibly about a great many of them was their smoking of cigarettes. A weak and flimsy paper cigarette seemed as out of place in the mouth of a heartless old savage, who perhaps went through the Minnesota massacre of 1862 and killed his quota of women and children, and dilled his quota of women and children, and dilled the cowhide band on the silk hat of the rilliant Judge Trott. No one to have seen them would have believed that in four years they would

be again on the warpath and once more killing women and children. After observing the eigarrettes I looked about expecting to see a young buck come riding in wearing a monocle screwed in one eye. But, notwithstanding that they were peaceable, we found throughout the whole country a vague, undefined fear of an Indian outbreak. Little was heard of it in the towns, but among the settlers in the country it was everywhere. It is tle was heard of it in the towns, but among the settlers in the country it was everywhere. It is safe to say that there was scarcedy a settler along the whole reservation from Niobrara to Chadron and beyond up into the Black Hills, who did not have at least one modern repeating rifle in his house as bright and well-kept as the Indians'. There was an reheavy, anxious feeling everywhere. Women and enildren were seldom left alone in houses while the men were away very far. The feeling seemed to be much like that which a man would have in a cage of tame lions or tigers—there were grave doubts as to the thoroughness of the taming. And with it all, I regret to say, there was a decided lack of confidence in the army, whether well-founded or not I will not pretend to say. And it seems that the settlers' fears were not unreasonable after all, now that the outbreak has taken place.

#### THE VALUE OF A SCALP.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR BETWEEN PAWNEES AND SIOUX.

To the Editor of The Tribune

Sir: I was born in an atmosphere of Indian war and excitement; my first breath was odorous of gunpowder, and the first sounds that reached my ears were those of strife and combat. I was born, my father, a captain of artillery, received orders from the Secretary of War to move with his command to help stem the tide of Indian invasion already within seventy-five miles of the Missouri River. The Indians were under the same leadership then as now, and many whose names figure prominently in the dispatches to-day

were then receiving their baptism of fire. There were only three or four military and sweeping past these, the savages had reached a point within two days' march of the town of bind them. The column of invasion was met and forced back to Fort Kearney, and westward, where for two years the volunteer troops, increased to over 7,000 in number, alternately chased and by the foe were chased over a territory 300 miles by 400, until in 1866, the Civil War ended, the available force of regulars was sent out to complete the conquest.

The narration of the bair-breadth escapes, the battles, often hand to hand, of those eventful years, was the first association of ideas and language of my childhood. My father, with the reti cence (inexplainable to my feminine mind so com mon to military men, could seldom be conte into telling any of his adventures, but many an old scout or member of my father's command has delighted us children with "Indian stories," which always affected me as the tale of old Thermonylae did young Spartaeus. Often, too, have I listened to conversations between my father and certain "galvanized" hostiles who never failed to visit us when passing through, on their many jaunts at Government expense, to talk with the "Great

Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Man-Afraid-of-His Horses and many others have held me on their knees while these great 'talks' with my father transpired. All would with grave silence sit and smoke, the tomahawk pipe being handed from one perhaps an hour. Then a short harangue, a handshake all around, a pat on my curly head, regards to "Cap'in's squaw (my mother), and they stalked me "Spuss-Kerriwe" (Curly-Head), and Spusskerriwe I have remained with them to this day. I have little doubt that Red Cloud would, if occasion offered, as cheerfully take a scalp from Spusskerriwe's head as of old he patted it while I sat on his knees. disprove the proposition.

It is possible that a few of these plains tra ditions and narratives may prove interesting as reminiscences of the "Wild West" which has disappeared forever. I cannot hope to vive them the dramatic effect with which they were told to me. There is a flash of the eye and a thrilling drop of the voice, impossible to put on paper when the grizzled veteran gets to the place where and just at this little bend in the Platte, or the other side of those seven tall cottonwoods, the Injuns jumped us!" That is the invariable phrase and means that the brown prairie suddenly waved and rese up, a thousand yelling, painted

River the troops reached the Pawnee Reservation. | whelming majority that always took Dr. Mc The Pawnees and the Sint hourly expecting an attack from their old and inveterate foes. Within an hour of the arriva of the troops yells of alarm and firing of gung were followed by bugle calls of "boots are saddles," and the "assembly." The Pawner videttes came in on a desperate run, and methe Pawnee braves going to their rescue, only to be driven back pell-mell into the village by vastly superior numbers of Sioux, who killed and scalped all who were unable to escape. Although the fight we entirely between the two tribes of Indians, the troops, as in duty bound, rushed to the defence of the Government build ings, in which were quartered several teacher and missionaries. They were not a minute too soon; for at the next instant the victorious Sioux, under the already famous "Rain-in-the-Face,

swept into the yard of the mission.

And here occurred an incident characteristic of Indian superstition. A young squaw, fleeing from the advancing Sloux, reached the inclosure pursued by half a score of painted devils, their hands already recking with Pawnee gore. Seeing escape impossible, she fell flat on the ground and pulled her blanket over her head to loss sight of the descending blow. It came from a tomahawk that glanced off her skull without penetrating it. The whites were within a few rods, firing as they ran, and one of the Sioux braves fell, shot dead, beside the prostrate woman. rous, firing as they ran, and one of the Stoux braves fell, shot dead, beside the prestrate woman. Another, however, serked the blanket from her biceding head, and with haste born of fear, cut around and cruelly lifted her scalp, she conscious all the time, but never uttering a sound. The savage fled with his bloody trophy to rejoin his comrades. The troops came to the rescue of the sadiy outnumbered Pawnees, and together they succeeded in putting the Sioux to rout. When the panic subsided, the wounded squaw was borne into the mission hospital and her injuries dressed. In spite of the scalping, she bade fair to recover. Strange to relate, however, her friends showed great reluctance to the receiving medical treatment, claiming that according to all Indian precept and example, a scalped person should be dead, and her recovery would only bring "bad medicine" to her tribe. The woman acquiesced in this opinion, and expressed perfect willingness to be sacrificed to the ancent customs. The next morning the squaw's cot was empty and the morning the squaw's cot was empty and the patient nowhere to be found.

Two days later someone.

morning the squaw's cot was empty and the patient nowhere to be found.

Two days later, some troopers hunting a stray horse on the river bank, miles away, were startled to hear groans coming from a neighboring thicket. Thinking that some wounded Sioux had been abandoned to die, they cautiously approached. There, buried, all but her face, in the drifting sand was the scalped squaw, still alive and conscious. They dug her out and brought her back to the mission, thoroughly cured of her willingness to die. She told how she had been stolen from the hospital by her own family, and buried by the river bank. She now wanted to live, and a close watch was kept to prevent her being again offered as a victim to savage superstition. Once afterward, when walking in the yard, she was spirited away by the Pawnees and hidden in a tepee, that, when night fell, she yard, she was spirited away by the Fawnees and hidden in a tepee, that, when night fell, she might be buried more securely. Again she was restored to the mission, and upon strong threats of military vengennee should anything occur to her in future, the poor creature was allowed by her tribe to live out the remainder of her days.

SPUSSKERRIWE.

New-York, Jan. 9, 1891.

(This interesting narrative illustrates anew the curious fancies involved in the magical religion of the Indian tribes, which are, in fact, parallel to those of savage peoples in many other parts of the world. The other side of the scalp superstition is illustrated by a bit of folk-lore from the stition is illustrated by a bit of folk-fore from the Pueblos. A Pueblo woman taken prisoner by the Navajos was not killed, but was treated as a servant, and finally as a friend by a Navajo woman. But she retained her desire to return to her own tribe, and so when the opportunity offered, she killed her mistress, scalped the body and escaped. When she was pursued, the scalp inspired her with proper devices to adopt for her own safety. That is to say, the life power of the scalped person goes into the person of him who carries off the bloody trephy.—Ed.

## RED CLOUD AT HOME.

HIS EFFORTS TO INCITE HIS PEOPLE TO WAR.

Chadron, Neb.; Jan. 2 .- Across from the boarding-school at the Pine Ridge Agency, on the opposite ridge, separated by the hollow of the creek, is a two-story frame house, surrounded by some desolate-looking tepees, a few log buildings and sweat-houses. Wagons and wood-piles complete the settlement. This is Red Cloud's camp, and the largest house is his residence—the only twostory dwelling at the agency. It was built for Red Cloud, to distinguish him from the others of his band. An interview with the old man would furnish the information that he was "the leader of his people and always wanted them to do good ways. He always wanted to work for of and for farms and for the Great Father. He did not want his people to have any trouble. He had stopped the ghost-dance among them. They had been hungry, but he hoped everything would be all right now. He wanted his people to do good ways." He might vary it a little, but this is about what he would say to you, "slowly and in a solemn and impressive manner."

For confirmation of this, see the reports in the newspapers. They are really a correct statement of the interviews. This is Red Cloud's formula for interviews. It is a good idea to believe people-when you can-but sometimes confidence is extremely hazardous, and Red Cloud's deeds and words remind one of what the man said about his new dictionary when he had tried to read it Very interesting, but somehow it did not seem to hang tegether." But, though the deeds and words do not seem to hang together, like the dietionary, there is a purpose running through, which may be traced by those initiated and familiar with the plan The old man seems to have threaded himself in and out among all of the plots and disturbances of which I have been able to learn anything. I do not have to mention his name nor ask any leading questions. It is only necessary to take the part of listener to the casual conversations going on around me. I know from personal experience that the trouble of 1851 and 1884 was instigated solely by him in his opposition to the efforts made for progress. The threat ened outbreak of 1881 had its origin in his cry of "fraud-the teachers were getting the children into the school and making them work so as to get money out of them." When he could not get the support of the Sioux, most of whom despise him, he tried to involve the Cheyennes When the agent withdrew the rations and the Cheyennes decided to give their support to the school, be wrote to his Eastern sympathizers that he was the leader of his people and the agent was defrauding them out of their rations.

This, with little variation, is the real inside history of most of the trouble there has ever seen at Pine Ridge Agency, and there must be ome special reason why it is now the centre of hostilities. There is often a great discrepancy between the "true inwariness" of a thing and ts outward appearance.

Red Cloud has found a confederate in Dr. Bland, whose philanthropy lays itself open to uestion when it is known that he claimed onewhen the clause "to be paid on proof of owner in the bill, and it is feared that Red Cloud will for services in getting pay for loss of ponies and in securing the removal of Dr. McGillycuddy will remain unsettled. I happen to know the probable reason why Dr. Bland was so much in earnes bout the latter "service." The outbreak before ened danger to life and property and excitement that, to say the least, was disagreeable. We were beginning to calm down sufficiently to resume our regular routine of duties when Dr. Bland appeared, and after holding secret councils with the the agent. The times were too critical and his actions too great an interference to admit of people might have an opportunity for peaceable compation. That this was the opinion of the On the fourth day's march from the Missouri larger number of Indians was preven by the over-

> Having had this experience and personal knowl edge of Red Cloud, I watched closely to see what onnection he may have had with this present

In Washington I met a soldier from Fort Washakie, who told me that some half-breeds of the name of Genneiss had been there among the ghost-dancers this summer, and that there was fear of an outbreak at that place. This was significant, for the reason that the Genneisses are among the most active of Red Cloud's "mis-

On the train coming from Chicago I met Judge Morris, a former acquaintance, who told me that a year or two ago the Indians had come down to hadron from Pine Ridge to celebrate the Fourth of July with an Omaha dance. In the procession, omposed of Indians and settlers, that accompanied the performance, Red Cloud insisted upon riding a the carriage that preceded the Mayor and other leantances. He was set the statements of the

speech, saying that the land belonged to him and his people, and the time would come when they would get it back. He has a "secretary" and uses his assumed power among the indians to intimidate the whites and vice versa.

When I reached the agency they told me that Jack Red Cloud had been the leader in the ghost dances and in the attack that led to the appeal for troops; but that now he had "reformed" and was an active scout, working for the Government. I discovered that by a strange coincidence the reports that he brought were not borne out by facts. Red Cloud became very pions and solicitous for the welfare of "his people," frequenting the office constantly. An officer told me that he said: "Why do you discuss the plans solicitous for the weitare of "his people, frequenting the office constantly. An officer told me that he said: "Why do you discuss the plans so freely before Red Cloud?" He received the answer: "He doesn't know what I say"; but "ghancing suddenly at the old rascal's face, I could see by the twinkle in his eye that he had suddenly at the could see by the twinkle in his eye that

orderstood."

On the reservation the seat of greatest trouble On the reservation the sent of greatest trouble proved to be at Wounded Knee. Here nearly every one was a relative of Red Cloud. Teachers told me that when they taught at that camp they felt that they were in danger most of the time, and had constant annoyances; but when they taught at Little Wound's camp they feit the protection of Little Wound's influence. When I went to see Little Wound he told me that Red Cloud had been getting the people into bad ways, and when tolks found it out he did not want to be blamed for it, so he said it was Little Wound who had done it. This is probably the truth, and will be readily believed by all who are acquainted with the two mer.

with the two mer.

Two ladies from a neighboring settlement spent the day at the agency. I was busily writing in the room where they sat, discussing the times. As seemed to be inevitable in all of the accounts, the name of Red Cloud was brought in. One was the name of Red Cloud was brought in. One was saying; "A half-breed stopped at my house yesterday afternoon. He said something about Red Cloud that I could not make out; but I caught the words, people—agency—sleep—then Red Cloud"—and he grinned and drew his finger across his throat." Major Sword and Captain Fast Horse, the progressive leaders of the Indian police force, came to see me. During the interview they told me that "Red Cloud always tried to work against having good ways for the people, and would do different from what the other Indians wanted him to do, and he made trouble for them."

different from what the other Indians wanted bin to do, and he made trouble for them."

In the attack that was made last Tuesday the first shots were fired from Red Cloud's camp. When the Rosebius promised to come in, it was their intention to locate in Red Cloud's camp. Two weeks ago the "Messiah" was found in his band. The courier told me that now, since the formal opening of hostilities and the flight of his band toward the Bad Lands, Red Cloud sent back word that he had been taken a prisoner of back word that he had been taken a prisoner of war, and wished to be rescued. Another report brought me is that he sent back word, "If the brought hie is that he self of the word, it is soldiers wanted him, they must come and get him." I do not know what means he used for conveying his message, because their martial law is very strict: they do not allow any one to leave their lines of whose fealty they are uncertain.

WHERE BILL SIKES PUT OLIVER TWIST.

From The Star, London.
In Chertsey, writes a correspondent, is a hou which, if rumor says true, is of immense interest

readers of Dickens, and it is for saic. It is believed to be that into which Bill sikes put oliver Twist for burglarious purposes. The house is a good one, and ought to fetch a good price, apart from its value of association. If any one of a philanthropic disposition and a keen admirer of Dickens were mindful to erect yet another memorial to his genius, a purchase and endowment of this house as the home for destitute boys would be in every way suitable.

### THE SKULL OF MOZART.

PROFESSOR HYRTL'S ROMANTIC STORY.

lenna letter in The London Standard. Professor Hyrtl, the famous anatomist, who a it's ago celebrated his eightieth birthday, announ hat he had bequeathed in his will the skull of Mozart, thich has been in his possession for several years to the "Mozartemm" at Saizburg. It has been known for long time in Vienau that Professor Hyrll had received from his brother, the late engraver, a skull which was edieved to be that of the great composer. But is it cally the skull of Mozart? Phrenologists who have examined it have desirted it, owing to the observe of all peculiarities which, according to the present theorie should mark the existence of "musical genius." But these savants were equally astonished when the remains of lightween were exhumed to observe that the skull of that real master did not alsawer the expectations of the shemiodical theoriests; it was, in fact, rather a small built, and might have been supposed to belong to a man of restricted intellect, rather than to a genius like the freat master.

symbolical themse been supposed to belong to a restricted intellect, rather than to a genius like the restricted intellect, rather than to a genius like the sol master.

Sumiar results were arrived at in measuring the sils of Haydu and Schubert, and in this way those to were sceptical as to the geniumeness of Professor crtt's treasure were scheed. The local historians sted that Mozart's widow, who long survived him, d not know the exact spot in the St. Marxer Cemery where her busband was interred; how therefore, sild any one clse, at a later period, know the locality? It was, moreover, supposed that the skall as severed from the rest of the skeleton. There as, for a time, even a dombt whether Mozart was incred in St. Marx, south of Vienna, or clsewhere, but a entry in the registry of the parish of St Stephen's ettled this point. This entry, dated December 9, 791, says 2. Died the previous day, the Honourable der Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, imperial and Roya londactor and Court Composer, in the house callet Steines Kaiserhaus, No. 979, Rauthensteingasse, age furty-six cause of death, high malaria fever, buried it cemetery of St. Marx; third-lass burial, for which paid eight florius fifty-six kreuzers, and for carriag fures florius. In the university library there was found an article in the "Vaterlandische Hatter, written in 1-10s, in which a contemporary of Mozal wrote; "His widow was, immediately after I breathed his last, taken seriously ill, and could in a succession." breathed his last, taken seriously ill, and could nation the inneral or occupy besself with the a rangements for it. Baron tottfried van Swieten, so it me celebrated Gerhard van Swieten, innertook it management; and, as he wanted to economize the interest of the widow, who was quite destinte, he arranged for the interment in a commo grave, and not even the luxury of a stone or table showing which common grave it was did he give his so that the widow represented him afterward with in anowing where to go to pray for her hisband. The gravedigner pretends to know by the date of the burial that the common grave which encloses Mozart remains must be either in the third or in the four tow, counted from the cross, and as these common graves are turned over periodically, the next diggin

that they had thrown it into the Damile sold further Inconvenience. But when the entry I will died the shall was found, wrapped in paped on his premises. The professor impely recognized it at the same he had examined and as he was sole hear to his brother, the came into his possession. The gravedicater dur, which was searched for with the greatest could not however, be found. It has wonds at lead possible, and the "Mozarf at Salzburg, when he comes into possession of edle, will regard the shall as among the greatest res. It is enrious to remember that the shall

## NORDENSKIOLD THE YOUNGER

om The Galignam Messenger.

From The Galignatii Nessenger.

M. G. Nordenskield, a son of the famous explorer. Professor Barson Nordenskield, has, in company with Barson Axel Klunckowstrad, Completed an expedition to spitzlergen during this summer and fall. They started from Tromes, in Norway, is the spring, having lared a suffing vessel, the Lefsten which was only forty two. Weatherbound same days antide Tromes, they landed on the Rends, famous for its remarkable grottoes. At Homeand, outside which there are some blands infler of ender ducks than any other known place, the two friends barbed company. M. Nosten shield underfook an exemption on the inland fee, while the vessel went along the mast to Reshershe Bay. The walk over the inland fee action to Reshershe Bay. They found everything so covered with snow that it materially interferred with their rolons.

From Recherche Hay they sailed north to Stora Fjorden (the Great Firth), which goes far into the country; this was a very interesting place, where they remained some six weeks. There is hardly any spot in the world reheer in various petrified finds than that neighborhood proved itself to be. Again going morth from Stora Fjorden, they took photographs of the mount aims and the gladers, on one of which, at the eightleid degree morthern hatitude, they discovered traces of the famous red snow, Haxing got a little higher north the captain refused to go any forther, which was probably a very wise decision, and the expedition returned to Norway without any mishap.

#### A GREAT ELECTRIC RAILBOAD. rom The London Daily News.

From The London Daily News.

M. Baross, the Hungarian Minister of Commerce, our Vienna correspondent telegraphs, is not satisfied with the renown which the introduction of the zone tariff has gained for him, but is coming forward with another plan, by which he proposes to give us the fastest trains in the world. This plan is for an electric railway, for passengers only, between Vienna and Buda Pesth. The distance of 156 miles would be achieved in two hours and a half. One railway carriage would start every ten minutes between 6 in the morning and miduight. The only difficulty is the capital required for the execution of the project, which is no less than 18,000,000 florins. The fare from Vienna to Pesth would be 10 florins.

# NOBLE TREE PLANTERS.

From The Galignani Messenger.

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I read a very interesting statement recently that the three late Dukes of Athole planted in their lifetime of 14,000,000 farch trees on their estates. The writer who made this statement seemed to doubt the fact on the ground that he imagined that their Graces did so with their own hands, which would necessitate each of them planting 200 frees a day for sixty years. When, however, a man is said to "plant" on estate it does not any more mean that he does so personally than, when it is said that a man "furnishes" a house, he makes his own cabinets and tables, or puts down his own carpets—though our grandfathers and grandmothers, as often as not, actually did the latter, as well as—good souls—sewing the various strips of carpets together. If, however, it comes to planting trees with one's own hands, there is still something to be said. Charles, I planted nearly all the trees in the avenue at Windsor with his, and some that are now in 81, James's Park; and George III had a mania for planting his own trees, as well as informerable grape vines. Her present Majesty has planted over 5,000 frees in various places she has visited, and the Prince of Wales cannot, be very far behind her in also doing so.

Jock to Tam-Is that Pate an' his lassie walking alang wer there? Tam-Ay, man, he's no very lang marrit tae her. Joek-She's no very guid-lookin'. Did he marry he

for money!
Thin-Na, na, man, as the sayin' is, "Her face is her fortune."
Jock-Weel, if that's the case, he's got a puir bargain, for there's yae thing, she'll never be a millionaire. ney! -Na, na, man, as the sayin' is, "Her face is MRS. HOLLAND'S NURSES.

THE WAYS AND MEANS OF THEIR GENTLE MINISTRATIONS.

Mrs. Nancy Holland fell on her cook-stove in the early part of the winter. This accident at drorin'?" the moment that it occurred was not so pleasant to her, but it furnished a most fruitful subject of conversation, and enabled her to exercise her descriptive powers upon every one that called thereafter. And everybody called. There was not a woman within walking distance who would not have felt wicked in refraining from visiting poor old Mrs. Holland who had got a place on her side as big as a platter that was burnt as raw put in the sink. as a piece of beefsteak." Here, as well as elsewas burned by hitting against a redhot stove inhabitants within a certain radius agreed to wash them winders." take-turns" in staying twenty-four hours in that ham. This was felt by the participants to be extremely kind, and Mrs. Holland was expected to show a great deal of gratitude. Perhaps the kindness may be thought to have had its drawbacks when it is considered that each woman who came to do her share of "tendin' to old Mrs. Holland \* had her own special theory as to how a burn ought to be treated, and proceeded forthwith to put her theory into practice.

At first Mrs. Holland was greatly upheld and sustained by this interest, and by the necessity she was under to tell every newcomer how "she was jest goin' to put the b'ilin' water into the teapot, though it wa'n't fresh tea, only the leaves that had their first steepin' the day before. But for her part she liked the second steepin' fell She'd jest got her hand on the teaas well. kettle 'n' was thinkin' she wondered where the helder was, 'n' sayin' to herself it never was 'round when 'twas wanted, when all to once, thout havin' no time ter scream nor nothin', though 'twouldn't have ben of no mortal use to cream, for there wa'n't a soul within a mile of her 's she knew of, all to once she felt kind of queer, 'n' kind of sinkin' right in the pit of her stummick, 'n' she knew 's well's if she'd ben told, that she was going to have one of her faintified spells. But she couldn't git to the lounge if it had ben to save her life. 'N' she couldn't see, 'n' she couldn't sense nothin', 'n' she knew the teapot 'd go ail to smash; 'n' then she didn't knew nothin at all. 'N' when she came to she was layin' on the floor, 'n' her face was all over to tea grounds, and she aidn't know what was the matter of her hip.

"She lay there till she heard bells comin' 'long the road from Farnham, 'n' she knew 'twas the baker's day, 'n' she managed somehow to crawl to the door, but she never knew how she done it, 'n' she jest screeched; 'n' the baker he heard her, n' she told him she was scalded to death; 'n' he drove over to Mis Randall's 'n' fetched her right back, 'n' Mis Randall she put on great slices of hard soap 'n' bound um on. Mis Randall said night there wa'n't anything to be compared to hard soap for a wownd made from a burn."

Mrs. Holland always drew a long, shuddering breath at the end of this recital. She enjoyed telling the story with an intensity that seemed to increase with the telling. When in the full tide of narration she almost forgot the ache and the smart of what she proudly called her "wownd," There was something sustaining to her in the knowledge that she was the only person in the vicinity who had ever fallen on a stove and recrived just this kind of an injury. She was a sort of pioneer in this variety of accident. She used to remark with proud satisfaction that when Jeremiah Marcy's second wife got burned with that "karosine lamp, it wa'n't much of a burn," and never affected her hip at all. And Fidelia Guild's inen was on her arm

It was a fortunate thing that there was a mysterious satisfaction, a certain distinction in being burned on the hip. Mrs. Holland lay on the bed which had been hastily put up in the ing and sweeping that were carried on there. She eagerly counted the tumblers of jelly and the "floating islands" that began to come in about the third day after the accident. "Floating island" is the most popular dish in this port of the country to send to a person who is ill. It is even more approved than "bumonge," though the latter is in good repute among the more scientific as a food which can "build up the tissues."

Pond's extract.

When at last Mrs. Holland had submitted to this change she was conscious of a great relief. She drank her tea and took a floating island. Then she fell asleep.

Miss Hitty put the lamp on the table in the corner and shaded it with a "Testament and Psalms." Then she drew the rocker up to the stove, put her feet, covered with old felt shoes, or the hearth, turned back the skirt of her dress, and fell to meditating. Miss Hitty had long ago noticed one neguliarity in her meditaring. kitchen. She watched all the operations of cooktific as a food which can "build up the tissues. The Baptist minister's wife thinks a good deal

about the tissues, and she sent several mounds of plane mange. But this food was flavored with vanilla, which Mrs. Holland declared "always went right to her stummick."

One might perhaps have thought the stomach was the properest part of the human frame to receive a flavor of vanilla, but evidently Naney Holland did not think so. So the bumonge was eaten by the woman who happened to be in harge at the time it arrived.

The volunteer murse who followed Mrs. Randall was deeply shocked that hard soap had been applied, but she was liberal-minded enough to say that she "s'posed Mis Randall had acted up to

her lights; still--"
Here she shut her mouth and shook her head. She informed Mrs Holland that she could not onscientiously stay with her, even a day and a night, knowing all the time that that hip was done up in soap. A bread and milk poultice was the only thing; she was surprised that there was a person in the world who didn't know that.

Mrs. Holland groated. Mrs. Marsh said it was no wonder she greated, with so much soap on to er as she must have.

The bread-and maik poultice was applied. Mrs. Marsh told Mrs. Holland that, while it was a soothin' of her, she (Mrs. Marsh) would wash

the winders; for, in case there had to be a fun eril, she for one, couldn't abide dirty winders d ruther see dust in the cracks behind the loors." Mrs. Holland groaned again. She asked her

urse whose funeril she was thinkin' of.
Mrs. Marsh was already vigorously applying oap-suds to the small windows of the kitchen She answered as she wrung out her cloth that there wa'n't no tellin' what 'd happen when soap and ben put on to a raw burn. She'd known things to strike to a person's inwards on far less provocation. A person's inwards was delicate things when anything struck into them." Mrs. Marsh was very tall and very large; she

vas extremely "dark complected" and had a musache. She was so large that it almost seemed as if she would naturally know what application would be likely to have an inward tendency. It seemed to poor Nancy Holland, as she lay there watching her, that no poultice applied by Mrs. Marsh would dare to do anything but what was

But Mrs. Holland did not approve of this reference to funerals. She liked funerals extremely, but she wished them to be in connection with other people. She enjoyed going and looking into the coffin, holding her handkerchief in her hand, and snuffling gently as she looked. No one was a better judge as to whether the deceased looked natural or not," and if they did not

"I looked natural or not," and if they did not look natural she could always tell why they did not.

Still, she did not enjoy seeing those windows washed. As she watched the soap and water on its way from one pane to another, she felt the poultice beginning to dry and stick to her wowd, seeing the way of the water of the poultice beginning to dry and stick to her wowd, seeing the water of the same water of the water of the same water of the wa poultice beginning to dry and stick to her wownd. She felt, also, that she should be glad when Mrs. Marsh's turn was over and it was the turn of some other person. She wondered feebly what specified in the some other person. She wondered feebly what some other person would make She hoped. Marsh's turn was over and it was the turn of some other person. She wondered feebly what application that next one would make. She hoped it would not be something that would seem so hard. If it had not been that the soap would strike in, she would openly have expressed her preference for that remedy. She become so excited as she lay there with her old, dim eyes fixed on that resolute form, which was proving the somethods.

I made a awful mistake bout that woman. But she's dead now. Eesides, the farm was pesky rocky. I've ben cused all through."

"Don't talk so. Go right home. Come 'n' see me after to-morrow. I guess we can fix things somehow."

It was difficult for Mr. Merritt to relinquish Miss Hitty's hands, but he did so and went away. To her next attendant Mrs. Holland related how keen that resolute form, which was proving the concluded that the sound was the later she concluded that the sound was the same after to-morrow. I guess we can fix things somehow." preference for that femedy. She became so excited as she lay there with her old, dim eyes fixed on that resolute form, which was moving about her kitchen and preparing for possible obsequies, that she suddenly lost control of herself.

To her next attendant Mrs. Holland Felicie how with the concluded that this glibness was caused by the return of Miss Hitty's old beau, though seem us say that 'Lish Merrit was about the concluded that the glibness was caused by the return of Miss Hitty was.'

She wrung her feeble hands. She began to whim-

Mrs. Marsh's mind was as strong as her body. She slapped the rag which she was just wringing out down in the sink, and walked heavily up to the bed.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Is it a

She evidently referred to the poultice.

Mrs. Holland writhed impotently. "I jest do wish you wouldn't go on with them winders," she exclaimed in a high voice.

"I sh'd like to know why not." " 'Cause I shan't have no funeril here; 'n' I don't want to see you gittin' ready for one.' Mrs. Marsh calmly returned to the rag she had

"Goodness gracious me!" she said, with a good where, beefsteak is the received symbol of rawness, although, as a fault-inding neighbor rethink it's a great deal better to be on the safe marked, "she didn't know as it was any rawer side 'n' have things cleaned up a little. There 'n raw pick'rel." At any rate, Mrs. Holland ain't no harm done, fuz I know, to be prepared. 'Twon't make you live or die. You know, when on her way to the floor. As she was poor and old folks like you git hurt there ain't no way of had no one to care for her, all the feminine tellin' how it's goin' to turn with um. I sh'll

This last statement was made with great firmlittle house on the lonely road that led to Farn- ness, and was immediately followed by a brisk resumption of her work.

Mrs. Holland tried to keep her eyes shut. She also tried to think of something pleasant. But the surroundings were not in the least conducive to pleasant thought. It seemed to her that there was not anything pleasant in the world. Even the memory of long-ago funerals which she had attended did not now bring any exhilarating sense

scrubbing. Every moment the bread and milk poultice began to feel more and more like a collection of three-cornered sticks rubbing against the She felt her head begin to go round and round.

She heard the water swashing and the sound of

She gripped hold of the bedclothes. She told herself, with a kind of impish satisfaction, that she would scream as hard as she could, and she Mrs. Marsh appeared to make one huge stride

Holland's shoulders; her big, husky voice asked: "Be you in a fit?" Thus seized and thus addressed, Mrs. Holland instantly gave up all intention of screaming again, although she felt she was relinquishing a great

to the bedside. Her sudsy hands grasped Mrs.

Invery.

She murmured and gurgled an inarticulate reply: she shrank down under the clothes. She said the "poultice was a-killin' her."

"Tain't nuther. I s'pose it's begun to draw at the fire." out the fire. Neither this episode, nor anything else, diverted

Mrs. Marsh from her house-cleaning. She said while she was there she might's well scrub the floor.

Nancy Holland waited. She counted the tick-ing of the clock that was measuring off the time which must pass before the next person would come. She did not dare to ask who that person

which must pass before the next person would come. She did not dare to ask who that person was to be.

Mrs. Marsh ate a very hearty dinner of all kinds of things, which had been sent in.

She had come the afternoon before. When it began to grow dusk she put her rubbers on the stove-hearth to warm. She said she told Mr. Marsh to be there at four. If he was any later 'n that, she didn't know what he'd have for supper. But Mr. Marsh apparently knew better than to be late. His old covered wagon drew up in front of the house at the exact minute. From the wagon emerged "Miss Hitty," and it transpired that she was the attendant now due.

Miss Hitty's full name was Mehitable Blanchard. She was not young, but she said often that she was just as young at heart as she ever was. This form of youth seems to be compatible with what is, by people in their teens, considered great age. Miss Hitty did not appear to be gray, because she wore a navy brown "front." She was called in the neighborhood a "natural nuss," and was sought for in that capacity. She was very soft. ral nuss," and was She was very soft in the neighborhood a sought for in that capacity. She was vand gentle in manner. She never asser thing, but always "thought is likely thing, but always "thought is likely thing."

might be sa."

When she entered the kitchen, which was now very dark, Mrs. Holland emitted a sigh of content. There was a light red spot on the stove, and the water in the tea-kettle was boiling so hard it almost seemed as if the decrepit old stove would start off on its uncertain legs.

Before ten minutes had passed Mrs. Holland learned that "Pond's extract" was to be immediately applied. Miss Hitty thought's likely this would be best. Pond's extract is the name by which witch-hazel is always called here. Indeed, I don't know but a branch of this shrub, fresh from the woods, would be considered as Pond's extract.

When at last Mrs. Holland had submitted to

on the hearth, furned back the skirt of her dress, and fell to meditating. Miss Hitty had long azo noticed one peculiarity in her meditations. They always ran on one subject. If she had not been as young in her heart as ever she was, she would have said that she was an old fool.

She was thinking about a man who had actually been in love with her some years ago. She always thought of the time as "some years"; it was more agreeable not to be more acfinite in such matters. He had been in love with her, but he had married some one else and gone up to Vermons to "run the farm" which this some one else had owned.

wined.
It had been generally believed that this farm vas the temptation which Flisha Merritt could

of resist.
As Miss Hetty had sat beside Mr. Marsh in the not resist.

As Miss Hetty had sat beside Mr. Marsh in the covered wagon as they came toward Mrs. Holland's house, her companion had told her a piece of news, looking at her sharply the while. He said that he understood that Elisha Merritt had come back to the eld place. His wife had been deal about a year. Anyway, 'Lish was back.

Miss Hitty, though much shalen by the information, had macaged to say "I want to know, with tolerable calmiess.

Inwardly, therefore, when she came into the hot kitchen where she was to take her turn as a nurse, she would have described herself as "being all of a fluster."

She had not dared to ask how long 'Lish had been in town. His home was in the "West End".

all of a fluster."

She lead not dared to ask how long 'Lish had been in town. His home was in the "West End"; he might have been there a long time. Of course it he thought of marrying again he would want a young wife. That was the way with wilowers. To to be young in heart does not seen all the youth generally required by widowers.

Miss Hitty wished her hair leadn't fallen off so after that fever; then she would not have had that front though she had always thought it as deceiving a front as any she had ever seen.

Mrs. Holland slept very soundly and snored very londly. But for some reason Miss Hitty did not feel so comfortable as was enstomary with her when she had her feet on the pearth and her gown turned back.

She was very wide awake, too, To be sure, it was not yet 6 o'clock, but it seemed as if it were midnight. There was no noise of wheels on the lonely road. The pine trees at the nack of the house made that muffled sound which is in them when there is no wins.

when there is no wind.
All at once Miss ditty rose to her feet. It

house made that muttled sound which is it when there is no wind.

All at once Miss Hitty rose to her feet. It appeared to her that there was some one walking up to the house. Mrs. Holland snored. She wouldn't hear anything.

Miss Hitty was sure some one was standing outside the door. She told herself she was as nervous as a witch.

She went into the little front entry and carefully shut the door behind her.

Now through the lights in the top of the outer door she saw that the moon was in the clear eastern sky.

She stood still, pressing het hands together.

"I'm jest a fool," she whispered.

Was that a movement outside?

She slowly opened the door. There was a man, a lank figure, bent in the shoulders and slouching in attitude, a few yards from the door-stone.

He stepped forward. The moonlight was at his back, but it was on the woman's face.

She put out her hands tremulously.

"Lish?" she said.

He hesitated: then with a piteous eagerness he extended his own hands and grasped hers.

"They told me you was here," he said.

He almost sobbed. He clung to the hands be held.

"I'm all broke down. Hitty," he said.

held. "I'm all broke down, Hitty." he said.